mother suitor who promised her fame, but

another suitor who promised her fame, but brought her through misery to early wid-owhood. The ambitious young precrasti-nator grew up to a somebody, and the poor disappointed struggler remained a nobody; but the old magnetism sparkled afresh through the sympathy which, by round-about wires, found its way from the heart of yore to to the heart now aged with hope deferred. In point of fact, Blarnaby had never discouraged the hope in Mrs. Shicks-per's mind, that, in the sweet time coming called "some day," favorable circumstances might enable him to escape from the clutch of all-consuming ambition, and find time to

of all-consuming ambition, and find time to recover his youthful health and happiness in the renewal of his early love. Meantime

his influence had gained acceptance for her

his influence had gamed acceptance writings in many of the newspapers, and public characters are keenly appreciative of the service done them by the ceaseless

shower of pretty paragraphs in their praise as out-of-the-swim readers are amused at

heir apparent trumperiness. Blarnaby was disposed to think it was

"bad politics" in Euphemia to flourish a schoolmarm's cane in the face of a budding

The Countess of Ossulstone! Ah! The

Countess of Ossulstone, our readers will be delighted to learn, will soon be led to the altar of Westminster abbey by Hon. De Witt M. Blarnaby, president-elect of the United States. The two greatest na-tions of the world may at last, congratulate

each other on so auspicious an inaugura-tion of a new era of closer relationship,

which insures the triumph of peace and

good will over the machinations of the ene-

mies of both.

This is what Blarnaby's prophetic eye read in an ineginary Court Chronicle as he feverishly fingered the picture of his lady fair, stolen by naughty Cupid from the crested album in the library. The vision made his pulses dance as he walked a grand wedding march along the royal abbey aisle that led to the forecastle caneway.

As for the political campaign, time anough to think about that when he landed.

The development scheme? Yes that was now in good train. "Fifty thousand

pounds from two persons—quarter of a mil-lion dollars, that looks like success! And all the coronets to follow suit, too! That

all the corenets to follow suit, too! That fellow Tyrwhitt—(must be careful not to call it Ter-whitt any more)—is all right—capital fellow—will help me elegantly. Confound that wretch! In the Mall, too, of all places! If it was Terwilliger I'd give a round thousand this moment to set him up. Daren't be seen around the police court though, so lost him. Hope the case didn't get in the papers. Sir John ain't likely to trouble about it now, sure." And so he marched and mused.

narched and mused. After nine days and nights of castle-build-

ing and unbuilding with these materials Blarnaby awoke for the first time to practi-

cal work. The Fortunia arrived at quar-antine. He was groused from a doze by the rush overhead of Blobbe, Fotheringham

and a host of friends, frantic to congratulate him on his nomination, which was achieved at the convention on the Friday

revious. If the excited citizens had known

that he was coming by that ship they would have liberated their bursting souls in the most monster of mammoth leviathanesque

parades. Blarmaby was pale but calm. A lordly smile of approval gave his masterful face a sort of "devilish-good-thing-for-your

selves' expression, as he addressed his friends in these statesmanlike words: "Gentlemen, I thank you. You have done me a great honor, of which I am unworthy

May it prove to be a benefit to our country through the triumph of the noble princi-ples of our party, whose interests we over

hake. A conference was at once arranged for

n the latter's sitting-room in the Grand Na

"Well," began the great man, unbending

from the ducal statemess of the morning reception, 'so you've worked things to suc-cess. Let me heartily congratulate you, old friend! I guess we will carry it, eh?" from the ducal stateliness of the mornin

campaign is going to cost a heap more than ever before, so but that in your pipe and

"Why, because the woods are full of

howling cranks, of every nation and kin-dred and tongue; cranks on labor, cranks on internal revenue, cranks on whisky,

ranks on immigration, cranks on silver

ale eranks, female cranks, and civil ser-

e reform cranks, who are a sex between

They don't amount to much, anyway

What! Wait a bit. Why, there's you oretty friend Hogg, whose little finger you

think more of than of my whole 250 pounds

voirdupois; nice friend, Hogg is-he's go ng as dead against you as a pag goes fo

a broken gate!"

Blarmaby turned to get a light for his

igar. After lighting it slowly, he said:
"Sure of that, Blobbe."
"Why certainly; and there's going to be

to keep the party together, for I'm damned

that's good enough, am't it?"
Omnipotence itself! But we can't raise

"Let's see. There's your fee, and—"
"Ha-ha-ha! That's good, Blarnaby! I'l

go a bargain with you my boy; my pen tongue and wire-work are yours, free gratis, for nothing, if we lose; if we win-

And they were a pair of solemn shaker

Much more passed between them, and i

tithe of what is needed.'

ro to the court of St. James!

"Done: shake!"

See here, Blobbe, you mean spot cash:

The workingman wants to know a

"I guess we can, if we can, See!

ve most at heart."

smoke it, my boy!"

Blobbe

hing or two.

that led to the forecastle gangway.

president.

(Now First Published.)

DOLLAROCRACY:

An American Story.

BY A NEW HAND.

Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck. Copyrighted by Tillotson & Son for THE GAZETTE.

oad ahead

that than by pressing your suit unduly-

forgive the word—at this early day. I feel unde safe in agreeing with you there."

Blarnaby reached out his hand and took

ners, which was simultaneously raised to wards his for a friendly grip. With a spas

effort that evolved a good deal actility he bent over and kissed my lady's riding-glove with more than merely knightly

ourtesy.

He had hardly recovered his position

Blarnaby fairly shook with dread. But his feat of gallantry had not been

Sir John had galloped back at utmost

e and she was thrown. Happily this

speed because there had been an accident Lady Eisle's horse had stepped into a rab

bit fishe and sile was thrown. Trapply one was all, for he had instantly collared the brute and released Elsie's foot from the stirrup. She was stumed: whether internally hurt or not, could not yet be known. He had carried her late a cottage, and was now in worful plight, well understood by every hearer of unexpected had

stood by every bearer of unexpected bad

news. Elsie's mother was at her bedside when

the poor girl recovered consciousness. Lady Ossulstone's constrained calmoess sur-prised herself. She alone played dector and nurse, and her cheery words did more to bring back the roses and the smiles than

all the clumsy efforts of man, professional or lay, ever could have done. When at last a doctor came he said no bones were broken.

muscles sprained, only the nerve shock from a lucky tumble on thick grass. Within in hour Elsie was in her own room, and by linner time was permitted to recline on her

favorite couch in the bow window over-looking the mere. Sir John was a model of

demure propriety—so excessively well be-haved that Elsie could not resist poking fun

at the little boy who remembered so well that he should be seen but not heard. And though he tried bravely to keep her sileut,

he could not help proving that at least that

he could not help proving that at least that virtue was denied to the gentle sex.

The reaction came sharply upon Lady Ossulstone. When she saw Elsie cared for and recovering, then came forth the plentiful tears that bravery had stifled in the time of danger. The housekeeper, a lady

who had been a lifelong companion to her ladyship, well knew how best to deal with

such a reaction. They had shared many great griefs together, and this was but a

case of ordinary pent-up emotion which cures itself in its own way. But good Mrs. Netherby was altogether off the scent this

time. She knew of the pecuniary worries, but believed them to be as good as ended now. So she was rather surprised that the well-balanced

mind of her lady did not reassert itself with its wonted elasticity. She was disap-pointed in the slow action of her own res-

orative cheeriness, but hoped the quie recovery of Elsie would complete the cure

stool as he put on his hat to accompany her

ladyship.
They had slowly sauntered to the bend in

the main path where it turns of to the clump of old cluss near the classic truple. Here he gently raised. Lady Ossulstone's

when the excited apparition of Sir John flashed upon him from a sharp turn in the

- 4

CHAPTER VI.-LOVE. Joy of my life! full oft for lowing you.
I bless my lot, that was so lucky place

Before the three weeks of Mr. Blarnaby' Befare the three weeks of Mr. Elarnaby's visit to Catherwood Court were up. Lady Ossulstone's affairs were satisfactorily accuraged. There had been a succession of visitors on brief business stays all the time—the family lawyer, the agent from Irreland, and several relatives whom her ladyship had cales in council. So it happened that Mr. Blarnaby made quite a civile of—to him—invaluable friends, and they severally were proud to meet so genial and distinguished as American. Lady Ossulstone carefully noted the impressions her embent guest had left upon the minds of those well skilled judges of men, and felt

eminent guest had left upon the minds of those well-selfled judges of men, and felt a proud satisfaction in their unanimous corrorboration of her estimate.

The Wyoming development scheme had by this time been placed before the British public in its grandest aspect. The most eminent financial house handling American accurities had taken it up. Quotations had been given by the stock exchange. The Landon papers had been attracted by the novelty and epstness of the undertaking. They reversed her financial prospectus and pronounced it source, and the commercial or look they declared was more than satisfactory. But what thirdly appealed to the factory. But what chiefly appealed to the British mine was the moral as well as the material advantage to be secured by planting British capital where British labor

would be employed in developing American resources in the interest of the British peo-ple, primarily, but scarcely in a less degree the interests of the otherwise occupied American people.
That Lady Osselstone and Sir John Tyrwhile were among the first to subscribe largely for preference shares was very gratifying to Blarcaby, but what pleased him still more was the certainty that their lend would be followed by perhaps the greater number of titled investors. was the triumph. Anybody's money is good enough to put into lager beer; but

there is such a thing as an aristocracy of syndicates, a fact which the democracy of on the day before Blarnaby's departure Lady Ossuistone and her daughter proposed to ride to the forest of Wisby, some eight miles distant. It was a lovely morning end and gray, as the party of four cantered and and gray, as the party of four cantered down the green lane that led to the turn-paice. Lady Fisie's horse was rather fresh, and sadly wanted to show its paces. Sir John was mounted on his own hunter, which had many a time swept him over resign and ditch with a grace that banished the idea of danger. Lady Ossuistone rode a hand-some chestant mare that appeared to a fandsome classific that the appeared in a growth of the studies in elegant motion out of regard to the dignity of its mistress. Blarmany sate easily on the study veteran that had been the late earl through many dangers of

street and field. Riding does not help conversation; but this morning there was much to say and a creditable attempt was made to say it. When you are president in Washington, Mr. Blarnaby, I hope you'll invite me to

the coronation—I mean your—what's it called?" "Inauguration, Lady Elspeth," said he with a flutter of most proper pride behind his twinkling smile as he added: "I will give you my solemn promise—on condi-tion that you cuarantee the miracle!" "Well exercised was your are sure to "Well, everybody says you are sure to be excled, you know! I'd help if I knew

*American politics, Elsie, are, as Mr. Blarraby says, made up of miracles es-pecially the certainties," shouted Sir John from ever so far on the other side of the

That's just so," said Blarnaby; "and ou know what a miracle is? that which did not happen in the past, does not in the present and will not in the future?" and he calloped off laughing before Lady Elsie

Sir John joined Lady Ossulstone for a few moments, during which they found time to compare final notes upon the busitiess in band.

Do y i really believe Mr. Biarnaby is

likely to secure so great an honor."

I certainly do. My New York friend
Hoge knows everything about these matters, and he writes me that Blarnaby is the conding man. I attach more weight to what Hong says because I know that, although both belong to the same party. Hong can afford, and has the courage, to stand out for a higher smadard in political action." Lady Ossuistone was silent a moment.

Then she remarked: But in business Mr. Blaraby is above

suspicion "
Most assuredly, my lady, We know the suspection of everythin him to be the representative of everything that is honorable in public life. Of course, every public man has his enemies, Look at Gladstone, Disrael, Lincoln, and all of

Yes, politics is quite beyond me, Six John. Even the best men singe their wings when they flatter around the glittering bea-

con of political ambition."

After a brief pause, her ladyship resumed. "I have quite made up my misd to visit America, Sir John. If will combine change, pleasure and economy. Dear Mis Hermison has pressed me so often that it is doubly delightful to think I shall be in s old-fashioned a home as she tells me hers is. You will arrange to pay your visit at

is You will arrange to pay your visit at the same time, won't you."

"The very favor I had decided to ask, Lady Ossulstone. It has been running in my mind for several days."

You give no greater pleasure than I can express! How charming it will be to have

novel an experience!"
Of course, Eisle goes too?"

You did not doubt that, or you would tiere her ladyship's horse got a bit of : fidget from a scrap of newspaper that blew before its mose, which set it off on a pretty caper for a minute or so. Blarnaby and rishe trotted back in haste, but her ladyhip s self-possession was quite equal to the occasion. They were now at the edge of the beautiful forest, where stood a pretty lodge, at which they dismounted, had; slight lunch, and after a saunter along the ra-grown paths, they started homewards As they walked their horses along the broad fade, Lady Ossulatone told Elsie of the unexpected treat in store for her. The dear gir: could think of nothing clse on the way back. She plied them all with ques-tions ranging over every conceivable topic, from geography to clams and from fashion to sea-sickness. And Sir John was going with them! O, wouldn't it be july! And so it came about that Elsie's horse caugh

some of her excitement, and nothing would do but a rattling gallon along the turf; and so thought Sir John's horse, too. Lady Ossuistone and Blarnaby followed in a gentle trot, which gradually slackened We shall not meet again for six months;

may I ask for one word—ene word—that will enable me to bear the separation hopefully?" There was pathos in his tone, in his eager look, as he bent towards her. Ought you to be so importunate, know

ing my cares!"
"I would lighten them, remove them, "I would lighten them, remove them, change them into joy and triumph. Would you not be eager to do this for me!"

"At my time of life caution is a second nature—or should be,"

"Do you distrust—!"

"Forgive me, I do not choose my words; ou knew I mean nothing like that." "Will you ask me whatever you wish!" "I have nothing to ask, if I understand you aright. You would not broach so grave a subject if you were not perfectly war-

"Lady Ossulstone, whatever may be the issue of this sacred exchange of our confidences, I am quite sure our mutual esteem will endure to the last moment of our lives You gratify me much more by saying

with every hope, every ambition he had ever hat, to melt him down from the consistency of a brainy American magnate to that of a sighing lovesick swain. Yet it was not love alone, though love, undoubtedly, first and foremest.

Next to love has sympathy, pure, deep, unstimulated by conscious calculation.

He led her slowly, gently, infinitely lovingly. ingly.

"It is our last chance. Tell me you trust
me. You do—I feel it—I know by your
every look and accent that you love me—!"

He stopped abruptly.

She faltered in her steps and tone. He looked into her face, fronting her as he did so, though without losing her arm.

'You say yes?' His voice was like a

whispered melody.

Her eyes were nearly closed; her lips

were open, but not for speech.

Fearing less she might faint he gently passed his left arm round her waist and supported her to the marble seat in the alcolve of the temple. As he slowly seated nimself beside her she was startled by the fluttering of two birds that flew frightened

from their nest overhead!
"Companions even in trouble," he mus ingly uttered, in the same slow, dreamy voice; and they fly to a new place of

"Rest?" She only cchoed that little word, "rest, but. O. the infinite pathos, the world of meaning, her heart throbbed into that most alluring of all our words!

He divined her thoughts. "We will go." he slowly continued, "where the iron bands that bind out world relationship will cease to fret us; where love s stranger than caste-" and again h

Our union here would be a condescen Our union here would be a condescu-sion my affection for you would forbid me to propose. I know the bitter, unjust re-straints of convention, but in my freet home our people would not know how to limit their enthusiasm for you who will



have sacrificed for, at least, risked the frowns of an artificial system."
Lady Ossulstone slowly raised her eyes to his, and he felt as though the smile of heaven was bursting upon his soul.

"My darling, my darling! Good bless you. I knew it." In the irresistible impulse of his ecstacy

After eating an apology for a dimer, Lady Ossulstone sat for a while near her daugh-ter. By and-by she feit the open air would suit her better, and Elsie ought not to have more than one person near her just now. Mr. Blarnaby considerately carried a camp-steal as he not on his het to accommany her he requited that look with an exultant kiss Next morning Mr. Blarnaby took leave of his hostess and her daughter. Among the many regrets that were uttered none were more sincere than those of Mr. Blarnaby to Lady Elsie that he could not remain to see her complete restoration to health. Sir John undertook to certify in due course the progress of her recovery from personal ob-servation, for he decided to remain a day or



was it not in perfect time and harmony was it not in perfect time and narmony
with the lulling music of so exquisite a
summer eve? The sun was lazily sinking
into his evening couch to the lullidy hum
of the winged oveheatra and the soothing
rustle of the preeze-stirred boughs. On uch an evening all nature indulges in the such an evening all nature induless in the luxury of repose, or perhaps in the still keener delight we get from the gentle activity preceding it, as anticipation has often a richer ecstasy than realization. This sunset hour, in such a spot, with

such associations, has more of the sacred in t than we allow our ever-hustling wits the chance to revel in. We murder nature' sweetest solaces by smothering them with the dragged-in rags of convention, artificialm, worldliness and worry. We must needs, fool-like, carry our market-place memories, our hideous fashion-fancies with us into Eden, turning even paradise into a purgatory of baif-happiness, half-misery, when by one simple stroke of common sense we could realize the ideal bliss of the angels in heaven every time we surrender body and soul to the exquisite spell of any of Nature's nooks. We desecrate and insult her by nooks. fouling the scented summer evening at with the fumes of the city cigar; by tread-ing the grassy aisles of her foliage-roofed cathedral in our working-clothes of Frenchiffed dandy-cut; by jabbering in her pres-ence the jargon of the street and other sor did haunts. The garb of bonest and true simplicity is the only litting guise for body and for mind of those of us who worship nature in spirit and in truth. Our walk must be humble and measured, our thoughts posened from the grip of the stucco work behind, our dominant note that of thank-fulness and gladness inexpressible at our escape from prison into bounding life, ever

if only for the hour.

The golden key that unlocks the sacredest of Nature's treasures is love. The lover knows a thousand interpreta tions of cloud-signs, bird-talk, sun-acrobat-ies, field and frost-lore, river and hill mys-ticism, that are hopelessly hidden from the unblest surface observer. The lover is in touch with nature in all her moods. She can tell him nothing he does not, or will not The lover is in soon know. Golden beams of bright bliss darkening clouds, storms, April unrest, De cember chilis, all speak a language won-drously meaningful to him. Place a pair of lovers on such an eve as this in a garden space rounded with towering trees that shut out the sight and thought of the manmade town, and, lo, by curious magic the leaves begin to do the talking and every blade of grass, beetle, stone, and flower transform themselves into speaking sym-

Blarnaby was not what even his own countrymen would call a poet. They are too generous to limit the title to persons who are poetical. But he could scarcely claim to be either the one or the other. He was, however, a man of deep feeling, tender of heart, so tender that he had found it advisable to freeze a three-inch surface armo of icy reserve to prevent all manner of dis tressful items diving into its warm depths But now his whole being was in a state of thaw. Every occurrence, here and there, big and little, seemed to have conspired

two longer for that strictly scientific pur

It was all settled that there would ba grand migration of Old Englanders to the daughter-land in the coming spring. Hope ran high that Blarnaby would secure the nomination at the national convention shortly to be held-a mysterious operation not allowed to vote for anybody as presi dent. There was not a ripple on the sur-face of the placid parting between Lady Ossulstone and her distinguished guest now also the arbiter of a goodly portion of her fortune, in his capacity of millionaire

CHAPTER VII.-POLITICS.

Shakesp He did not know it until later, but in the end pocket of his new memorandum book Blarnaby carried on board with him a far better preventive of sensickness that of the nostrums he was wont to buy. two or three bits of paper nestling there so singly, riust outside his heart, held the charm. When the mind means business the body will behave itself. There was the telegram he got just as he stepped aboard telling him his nomination was all out cer-tain. There was the photograph of the Countess of Ossulstone, in full court dress, And there was the missive from Mrs. Shicksper. How could any man thus en Shicksper. How could any man prosper think of mere physical trifles?

Blarnaby was moody, restless, unsociable the whole nine days, for this was before the end of lightning speed, comfortless, and risky, had taken the poetry out of ocean travel. He paced the decks by day and prowled about the salcons most of the hights, getting sleep when and where he best could. His admiring fellow-passengers acribed it all to politics. And travity gers ascribed it all to politics. And, truly politics and love and the sea are alike at least in this: they make men heave with violent emotions which move onlookers to sympathize with our strainings because they enjoy their seeming ridiculousness Blarnaby had to master the three.

Perhaps the little affair worried him the nost. A flea is harder to hunt than a bear most. A flea is harder to hunt than a bear. He tried hard to dismiss the Shicksper note with some such off-hand reflection, but he failed. Why? Because he had a memory. Long ago, in the day of small things, a young schoolmaster in a wayback village dearly loved a pretty young schoolmistress in the little town near by. The war sundered their ways for all their way for the standards. dered their ways for a time, and when again they met, the old love revived, and pians were laid which patience and perseverance were by and by to ripen. But changes came, in circumstances and in am-bitions. The youth foresaw a grander career, better worth their waiting for that the risks of a hasty marriage in a cramped sphere. So he launched out into the larger world, and she, distrusting her own prudence, yet fearing that the rivalries of the larger world would loosen the tie that had not been sealed, she hesitatingly wedded

And so, with a prouder step than with which he landed, the Hon. DeWitt M. Blarnaby strode up the gangway of the good ship Fortunia, bound for New York.

This is the period of my ambition. Oh this blessed hour. (Shakespeare.

to Elsie, who innocently wondered why, if it was really a free country, everybody was

was now that Blarnaby, perhaps indiscreetly confided to his friend his hopes regard-ing Lady Ossulstone and the influence of ing Lady Ossuistone and the influence of her aristocratic circle. Blobbe listened with a puzzled look, bobbed around in his chair like a peg top slackening speed, and opened his mouth only to his glass. Fotheringham secured a room for the lit-tle secret caucus in the private house of an acquaintance of his who was a friend of the

ause. This was a Mr. Hiram I. Dicker, at ex-preacher, who had given up his remoti village charge on finding that he could la bor more profitably in the conversion of ecalcitrant voters than in enlarging the learts of stingy, pew-renters. Mr. Fother-ngham opened the business.

We have with us, my friends, the gen tlemen whom we delight to honor, who-if we do our duty like men-will next November be the chief magistrate of this magnificent republic. Thank friends, but applause only shortens pre Thank you ime, and we are here for business. I have thought it best to call you here, because the reporters are sure not to expect that our first caucus is being held so far down town as Bleecker street. Our friend-our host I may say-Mr. Hiram I. Dicker, is known to us all by repute. I congratulate our to us all by repute. I congratulate our honorable candidate on his good fortune in ecuring so able and enthusiastic a worker securing so able and entinustatic a worker on behalf of our principles. If I had been ten minutes later we should have lost him, for the other side had sent him a paltry retainer, which they might have increased had I not been lucky. I now propose that Mr. Discreptly direct our deliberations. Mr. Blarnaby direct our deliberati

Mr. Dicker very naturally felt it incum-bent upon him in the premises to say some-thing, and though he was in his own room he paid the small but distinguished com pany the compliment of standing. Leaning his tall angular form back against the bed enfolding bookcase, he said:

"Hon, De Witt M. Blarnaby, Sir and Gentlemen: I bid you welcome to my hum ble but happy home. I guess we under stand each other. I am not a man of words but a man of my word, and what I say that I'll do, bet your life, sure! The free ballot of our country is a giornous instance you going as the air of heaven; but how are you going to play 'Yankee Doodle' on the party organ of our country is a glorious institution, free to play 'Yankee Doodle' on the party organ until you get your free air safely fixed in side your bellows, and under the blower's

Mr. Dicker folded his ladder-like form Mr. Dicker folded his ladder-like form ziz-zag fashion till he was squarely seated and then he smiled a four-inch silent smile. Not another moment was wasted. The plan of campaign was discussed, preliminary reports and suggestions from the state associations were docketed, names of popular orators were selected for instant employment, old campaign books (those which

had not been destroyed for convenience) were reopened and the old lists put in order for new use. Speakers were selected to work up the local clubs; collectors were any pointed to invite extra liberal donations or guarantees from the wealthy. Mr. Blobbe was appointed head director of the cam-paign, a step which pleased the party, though it set the public wondering which of the know-alls were in the right, those who were positive Blobbe had risked his whole fortune in bets on the result, or those who knew for certain that he had received, cash

Blarnaby surprised his friends by his cute inquiries and suggestions. He out-dickered Dicker in his knowledge of the art and mystery of political saloonaey, and the winding ways supposed to be trodden only by ward bosses. Fotheringham won-dered how he had learned to feel the journalistic pulse and sound the lungs of the press with the aureate stethoscope. Blobbe himself was beginning to fidget over the possibility of Blarnaby making the most and brightest speeches, raking in all the glory to himself, and even going the future minister to England one better by marrying a title.

However, the grand conference ended

down. \$100,000 for his entire time and serv

with a renewed consecration, as Dicker ex-pressed it to the good cause. Each com-plimented the other on every high quality, and if four swallows can make a summer, the presidency is as good as won.

As they threaded their way through Lit-tle Italy and Darkeyland from Bleecker street to Washington square, arm in arm, Binmaby and Fotheringham discoursed esoterically upon various of the mysteries of the great political religion, without deep and abiding faith in which no good Amer. and abiding faith in which no good Amer ican can hope for social solvation and a place in the paradise of patriots, "See here, Fotheringham, this is going to

be a devilish tough fight. I hope you are laying every pipe under your own supervision. "You don't need to jog me there, my

friend. Your interest is my interest, and when mutuality of interest exists, what in thunder can there be stronger as an in centive."
"That's good; but—tell me—how about

"How about Blobbe! Why-" "How about Blobbe? Why—"
"Yes, yes, we know he's all right, and all
that short of thing; but semetimes I catch
myself wondering whether he really fears
the strength of the other side, or whether
he is only screwing up his end of the bar-

gain. Of course this is in the strictest con-"No need to remark that, Blarnaby. To tell you the truth, Blobbe—well—Blobbe's

a hawyer—

"Enough said. Sums up everything. I like Blobbe; I believe in him—as much as a sane man ought to believe in any of his

cloth; and yet, don't you know-"
"Exactly. Now Blobbe's a particularly good fellow, close friend of my own, cute as the nose of a Counc ticut she farmer, cloquent enough to blow the roofs of the heads of the howling crowds that go to hear him, but there's something about him -about the public side of him, mark youthat if I were running for high office would feel mi htv shaky about. Therenow I've given myself away!"
"Quite safe, Fotheringham, with me

These gab-gifted fellows are all allke These gau-gitten lenows are an anixe; strong and useful as long as you work them in harness; but the Lord only knows where they may at kick you to if once they get their heads. I toll you what it is. Fother-lugham; kissing the Blarney-stone may make the fortune of those who glory in below the harminers of great Demos, but ing the bagpipers of great Demos, but when it comes to square statesmanship they generally turn out to be week and

The distinguished patriot's ambiguous little speech was received with marvelous enthusiasm by the little crowd, and each received the honor of their hero's handwindy muddleheads?"
Of course Fotheringham cordially indorsed the penetrating sagacity of his benefactor-to-be; but, in truth, one of the griefs of his life was his supposed inability to play the orator. He could talk like a fallen archangel, but just stopped short of lifting his hearers to she seventh heaven, into which so many good folks are wafted every that evening, Fotheringham undertaking to make the place and hour known in the course of the day. Blobbe and Blarnaby locked themselves Sabbath eve on pew-cushions.

They talked of cancuses, subsidies and

pulls."
"While I think of it, Blarnaby," said Fotheringham, as they took the first steps up the stately end of the avenue called Fifth, for want of a dignified name, "we shall have to work the silk-stocking brigade very gingerly. Can't make out just what Hogg is after. Shouldn't wonder if mis-chief doesn't come out of that quarter

Scarcely. And yet anything is possible in these cranky days. A plague has come over politics. It used to be everybody for his man, and now its everybody for himself, and there's not much in it when you That's so. Look at Gripperton; it cost

him nine-tenths of his salary to get the of-fice, and those he promised berths to had to submit to be assessed within an inch of starvation, or quit the game."

"That's smooth sailing compared with Quiggleby's experience. What do you think of slaving for years to put your man in, and then having it put about that you stole the cash that bought his pull, and he doesn't lift a finger either way to clear you or repay you! I tell you politics is getting to be mighty thin ice, and you've got to be a nimble skaler now a-days to keep your nose high and dry.

"What's the matter with the Blarnaby

"Oh, they're all right; but the man who has got 'em on expects all his friends to surround him pretty close, and carry cust ions ready in case he sits down suddenly. "Which is at once our duty and our privi-

lege, my friend?"
"Prettily put, Fotheringham, and on the 7th of November I will know just how to frame my acknowledgments."

By this time they had reached the parting of their ways. Fotheringham slackened his pace as he turned east toward his club With the subtle instinct of the true-born schemer his thoughts flue swiftly back in review of all he knew of the past relations between Blobbe and their common master Could there be a something that had oc curred—something too awkward, too tick lish, for either of them to make known to mutual friends? Perhaps. If so, a Foth-eringham might be trusted to handle the suspicion with definess that may bring

profit in its train.

Blarnaby sought his home, and once if it, his throne-like chair and cigar and old fashioned 'nightcap." He mused, mused, and prolonged his musings. A mystic procession glided before his half-closed eyesa country girl—a coronetted lady—a presi dent receiving the homage of the Britist aristocracy-a fussy little lawyer-a push ing parvenu-a prisoner in a lonely cell-: laurel-wreathed statue-a gently descend ing cloud, veiling—is it sunset or a sunrise
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Bottomless Spring. The great seltzer spring at Saratoga, N been sounded to the depth of 3,300 feet without touching bottom or encoun tering any obstacle. This strengthens the belief that this great northern summer resort is built over a subterranean sea.—St Louis Republic

GAZETTE

Something in a Name

The Guast-How's this? Four dollars day! Stopped here a year ago and paid only half that much. The Proprietor-Just so. Then it was the "McGianis Tavern." Now it's the "Hotel McGinnis."-Pittsburg Bulletin.

Are to be found in every locality visited by chills and fever, The very animals exhibit in such plague-festered regions symptoms of the dire infection. If experience has proved, in the hing consensively, it's h Bitters will not only em every vestige of the domain of medicine, any that Hostetters Stom

Shakers of All Creeds and Kinds

men in the minds of the public, on this point. Not only on this continent, but in the tropies where malarial complaints assume their most virulent tyne, this incomparable medicinal safeguard is universally used and esteemed. Dyspepsia, billiousness, constipation, debility and Eldney troubles are all thoroughly semediable by the Bitters.

THEATRICAL BAB.

As a Play Reader She Fizzles Out Like an Egg Phosphate.

THE SINS OF STAGE HEROINES.

Angels of Goodness Delightful Old Chestnuts-Combinations of Music and Emotion, of Indignation and Virtue - Noble Dogs.

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Special Correspondence of Gazette. If I said that the city was fairly recking with plays, it would sound like an exagger-ation; and yet it is absolutely and undeniably true. You meet someosas, one a street, and they have either been to see a street, and they have either been to see a new play, know a man who has written one, or are anxious that you should waste one, or are anxious that you should waste some; of your valuable time in sceing whether a play would go. As a pray reader, I don't count myself a success, for those that I have read and pronounced of great interest have usually, when represented on the real stage, fixled out like an egg phosphate. However, in seeing plays, I recard myself as what might be called in the parlance of the colored lady, a dabster. But, like that famous dog of Jerome's, Montmorency, my tastes are a little low. I have too long struggled with the flosh and the devil to try to love plays that are largely composed of frocks, gentlemen sattired in corsets, with plots that flingest on the religious belief of the heroor the sin of the heroide, and where everybody talked through five acts and at the end everybody said. "At last we know." And I swon dered why they dain't take the audience into the secret. I have tried to like these into the secret. I have tried to like these plays. I don't.

THE EVER-PASCINATING MELODRAMA.

I think there must be a touch of the an-tient Greek in me, for what I like, and what

most women like, is a good, blood-curding exciting melodrama, one of the kind whey the heroine is an angel of goodness and villain is as black as his dress clothe mean his heart is as black. The sweeth is as nice as sugar candy, and the fr who helps them through all their diffi ties is not exactly a tin god on whe a brisk young man who is in with i brisk young man who has an amateur and rice companies, who has an amateur and rice companies and rice station, and rice uaintance at the police station, and ing, of writing shorthand, and the apol sis of the art of make-up, so that he can send messages or appear disguised and res-que virtue from vice. Then, if a little bit of cellar-flap dancing is introduced, if some of cenar-nap maneing is introduced, it some-body sings a comic song and a few delight-ful old chestinits are served up as fresh. I am happy. And, do you know. I think the rest of the audience are: Life itself is a good bit of a melodrama. It is a combina-tion of music and emotion, indignation and visites and vice. We would are find of virtue and vice. We women are fond of looking into mirrors, so it it is the nefo-drama that suits us, I like to see the young woman from Boston raise her eyebrows as woman from Hoston raise her eyebrows as I say this. I like to see the blase young man put on his monocie and yawn at this expression of my ignorance of the culture of the drama as expressed by me. I can endure the shring and the density glance, I can. And I can think to myself what a piry it is people don't stay young enough in beart to enjoy what is really worth enjoying. The other night I went to see a play called "The Fire Pairol." It had a seene in it away out in Deadwood, where a seene in it away out in Deadwood, where the ore-crushers were just coming down to finish up one of the most virtuous men you ever imagined. We hung, frightened out of our wits, onto our orchestra chairs, knew he was going to be saved, but al same we had the dreadful feeling before hand that the savier might be too ate, and when he got there in time we all gave a sigh of relief, and laid back and felt as if we ought to congratulate the young woman who owned the heart of the young man, and for whom he was undergoing such dangers Then there was another scene, when

THE PIRE PATROL CAME TEARING IN to keep the model young man from being mustered, and it was all the whole section of femininity could do to keep from cheer ing the firemen. There is the sort of a play I like. I like a play with go in it. I like to look up in the gallery and see the rows of boys, with their eyes as big as saucers, staring down and admiring Mile, Mousselin enthusiastic over the pluck of the man w loved her, and nearly kicking the remainde of their boots to pieces as they cheer virtue Virtue doesn't get a special amount of cheering outside the playhouse, and that is ne reason why I think it is a healthy thin o have it in. Yes. Give me the melodrams should like a melodrama on tap. If ouldn't always have an ore-crusher. I wish a train, running at full speed, with the hero-ine tied on the front of the engine. If I couldn't always have a fire patrol, I want a command taways mave a fire partor, I want a large and noble dog, who will rescue a family of children, and, by his exertion—as an adjunct to a circus—will support them in luxury, until Lord Somebody discovers that they are his own, and takes them to live in castles and wear coronets, and puts a band of diamonds around the dog's neck, and have him for the fifther other, by for nd has him fed out of silver plates by foot nen dressed in red and gold livery, and all adepts in the use of the dog language. In the meantime, however, if your tastes are at all like mine, go and see "The Fire Pa-trol." It will satisfy all the desire you may have up to date for the emotional in the drama, and you will come away with a nice, sweet taste in your mouth, just as you o when you have had a cream or a pepper int candy, instead of one of those indige tible French ones, compounded of bitter al monds and made tasty, so to say, with the

BE A PLOPENCE STORTINGALE ANDEL The other day a woman talking about an

other woman, finished up by saying: "She's very charitable." The other woman, being a bit curious, asked: "How is she charitable?" And the first one vaguely said "Well, she goes to the hospitals and take them flowers, Bibles, buns and tracts, and reads to them, and talks to them about their souls." Then the other woman said: "You call that charity, do you? Well, if I were a man I would like to put a d with a long dash after it and call it impertinence. If I were sick and in the public ward of a hospital Lebudd, it is possible he very miser. pital I should, it is possible, be very miser-able, but why should my mysery be accen-tuated by having women sit down and read to me about the tortures of hell? Or have them lay on my bed half-withered flowers or by giving me Bibles or buns! It is abso lutely true that a poor old German, who is in one of the public hospitals, wanted a bun the other day, and the visitor would not give it to him unless he first took a Bible. He could not read or speak one word of Eng-lish, but he took the Bible and got the bun, and if that woman don't take the cake for being a consummate fool, then the world larger store of them than ever has a integer store of them than even I had imagined. It is no charity to go in and sit down and read the Bible to sick people. It would be a good deal more of a charity to take an entertain-ing book, read a little from it, and say a few cheerful words, and then, when the poor westched body was better think over if it. wretched body was better, think over if it were wise to say a little about the poor wretched soul. One of the cleverest doc tors in Berlyue told me that if anybody who had plenty of money wanted to do a really good work there was room for it. And this s what he suggest d: Men come here with broken legs, burt in all sorts of ways men who are laid up for months. The would get well in half the time if their ninds were easy. Now, when a man is prought here, if some of the people who ant to do good would come to him and say My friend, have you a wife or a mother

Have you any children? And is there any-body to care for them and give them bread while you are ill?" and then, when he told the state of affairs, FOR THE SAMARITAN TO LOOK AFTER that wife and those children until he could be out and care for them himself. There is a work for you. It is better than carry-ing around half-faded, sickly-smeking flow-ers. It's better than buns and Bibles. It is what the Bible teaches, and the experience of most people in this world is, we find it easier to give away black and white editions of the Bible than to show its teachings as

COTTON SEED'S ROMANCE.

The story of its rise in agricultural importance reads like a fairs taie.

1From the Atlanta Constitution eWas ever there a history to a side of Cinderelia, of the uprising of humility, like that of the softenessed? See!

Tor seventy years despised as a missing and burned or dumper.

gurbage.
Then discovered to be the very

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO. Of ST. LOUIS, have manufactured Commess.

Because

COTTOLENE

and all cooks and housekeeps; a find it superior to any lare.

THE WEAK ON STRONG

man to man, and as brother Charity may cover a multiplic there are more crimes, more we A woman thinks she is she asks a man what he think-future. Now, when he has a ra-and every separate and subject his oddy is achine, and ho eve balls of fire, the future doesn't in the least; it is the present it terested in; and a good sign. cool alcohol, the straightening of an and the giving of a vertible of water is a far greater object of ing to that man what he would dressed up as an arrest pages. In his present condition he has harps. Just remember that I have been a world to here. to say one word to keep an hit more practical, and rewhen they are ill, their own sons want to be treated, a men with having the same har A sick man is always a solund of especially if he isn't very sick, firmly planned out that he is a He thinks nobody ever had surhe and and from the yers aggressive position toward the ost garding him as a personal trees, than a kind friend. Doctors, e.e., like whishs there's good which there there whisks so they say, but there whisky so they say, but there whishy. I take that hach, the and they be a few ball doctors, but there is tended men that they have grown about and cold-hearted, rather than because

nor rous, Good to take are a thousand times more terror best of time any other men, because the land not only your body, but y know just when you are something; yes, and just rou need, besides that whi les from the chemist, need cheerful words; to know you need something to attention from yourself, and t your sick room as if the, to sum-hime with them, and leave as many times better as fore they came. A man venaturally, who isn't been cirtue, ought never to be should think the best vo o ladies, but a doctor bing between a man no on this earth, is is a co-only cure your pubs bo-letely thankful to pus. n this earth, is you willing to pawn your money to do it with.

their profession.

Bys-the-bys-if people were I wonder what they would a There are souls so mean a contracted, that I don't be Maryland coin known as a and which is really 61, given to them. Then then seem so overflowing with he souls that seem to rise up at the eyes as if they saw purity, and light, and yet there is that awful, nwful, we call selfish, that mewhat I want, and be unyte to get, but I find the annable most successful. What w for a soul like that I : Chinese coin, with a hole would be the best. The souls that are like allow ranted to wear and not that have had much to both these, a silver piece, mo generous pawnbroker. souls that have gone life, been struck by the tion, and are sweeter fore they were bruised, an the pawnbroker would go monds, for their price is a

HAVE YOU SEEN TO Apropos of bodies rath you seen the girl from 110 now pronounces Charles . yllables!

Have you seen the girl will New York to New London as if she had been spend sum.ner in cruising, and is costume day and night-mate friend says that her

sailor collars on them: Have you seen the youn hearing that the harsh An objected to in London, has a low that you cannot hear Have you seen the man w games of tennis this sun overwhelmingly anxious to

the amount of muscle on how he goes in for all Have you seen the chimpertinent all summer. back home standing in gr tematic course of treat fessional spanker?

Have you seen the actor w part worth playing this set thinks you ought to exert? to Kalamazoo or Deadwood ception of that part? Have you seen the new st. They are here. They are lov take you in from the top the soles of your feet, and

a Russian bear-allttle on you will find that you will ging more than ever.

The Weekly Gaz